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The Canterbury
Poets



LONGFELLOW



1

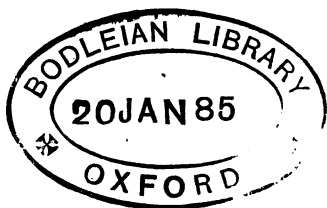
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

With a Prefatory Notice, Biographical
and Critical.

By EVA HOPE.



London:
WALTER SCOTT, 14 PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
1884.



The Canterbury Poets.

NEW EDITION OF THE POETS.

Edited by JOSEPH SKIPSEY, Author of "Lyric Poems."

In Shilling Monthly Volumes, Square 8vo, well printed on Toned Paper, with Red-Line Border on each Page, Strongly bound in Cloth, with Artistic Design on Cover. Each Volume will contain 288 pages, including an original Introductory Notice, biographical and critical, by various Contributors. The first volume will be COLERIDGE, followed by SHELLEY, LONGFELLOW, BLAKE, POE, CAMPBELL, WORDSWORTH, CHATTERTON, MARLOWE (a selection), BALLADS, MILTON (2 vols.), WHITTIER, KEBLE, BURNS (2 vols.), etc.

Arrangements have been made to publish a new edition of the British and American Poets, in which the desirabilities of clear and readable type, excellence in quality of paper, handiness in size, and elegance in general get up, will be combined in a way so as to render them ornaments to the bookcase, or suitable as a series of pocket volumes, while the price at which they will be published will place them within the reach of every reader, however humble in circumstance.

In the present issue quantity will be an important feature. Quality will, first of all, be considered, and side by side with a popular poet, such as Burns or Longfellow, will at intervals appear a Chatterton or a Blake, and one or two others whose works have never yet hitherto appeared in a cheap series, and scarcely in any series whatever, and the splendour of whose genius is only known to a select few.





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Biographical Introduction.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born on the 27th of February 1807, in the town of Portland, Maine, of Puritan stock, and amid Puritan surroundings. As late as the first quarter of the present century dancing was in Portland prohibited by law, and persons were arrested for engaging in it. It was not until 1831 that, after many fruitless efforts, a theatre was built in Portland; but so little did it succeed that four years later it was sold and turned into a Baptist church. The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer and legislator, is described as a man of great ability. He entered Harvard College in 1794, and graduated with rank and honours in 1798. The poet's mother was Zilpah,

the eldest daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth. Henry was the second son, the eldest being named Stephen, after his father. The house in which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born was situated within a stone's throw of the spot where the first settler built his cabin in 1632. Portland was not then, as it is now, "a flourishing sea-port city, beautifully situated on the broad Casco Bay, with its quiet waters and numerous beautiful islands." It was, as described by an American writer, "a lively scene, sleds growling, surveyors running about like madmen, a shingle in one hand and a rule-staff in the other, cattle white with frost, teamsters screaming, taverns lighted up, and the loggerhead hot to give customers their morning dram." Longfellow described it all in his poem, "My Lost Youth"—

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea,
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts."

Longfellow was first sent to a school kept by "Marm Fellows" in a small brick school-house ;

afterwards he went to "the town school," and then to a private school kept by Nathaniel Carter, who subsequently removed to Portland Academy. At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, an attractive youth with slight erect figure, auburn locks, delicate complexion, an intelligent expression of countenance, and well-bred manners and bearing. He wrote his first poems while at college, and some of them were published in the *United States Literary Gazette*. He generally received a dollar for his poems, though for one of them the payment was a year's subscription to the paper in which it appeared. He graduated second in a class of thirty-seven in the college, and in 1826 he left to begin the study of law in his father's office in Portland. But he did not care for the law : and before many months had passed away a more congenial position was assigned him. Mrs. Bowdoin had some years previously given a thousand dollars to found a professorship of modern languages and literature in connection with the college ; and Longfellow was asked to fill the chair. He was at this time very young for a professor, but he at once determined to thoroughly qualify himself ; and he spent the next three years in Europe. In 1829 he entered upon his duties at Bowdoin College with great zeal and ability. The first thing he did was

to provide suitable text-books for the students, and this he did by publishing various translations, and especially a book called *The Elements of French Grammar*. He also published *Outremer; or, A Pilgrimage to the Old World*, by an American, from which it appeared that England had failed to interest the young poet-traveller as the Continent had done. *Outremer* is said to have had a large circulation, and it marked him out as a man of wonderful talent and literary power. In 1831 he was first married, his bride being Mary Storer Potter, daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland.

Four years later another promotion was offered to Longfellow. Mr. George Ticknor, professor of modern languages at Harvard, having resigned, Mr. Longfellow was appointed his successor. Again, before entering on his position, he spent a year or two in travel; this time going to Northern Europe in order to study the Danish and Swedish languages. There his first trouble befell him, for his young wife, whom he had taken with him, died on 29th November 1835 at Rotterdam. She was of rare loveliness, both in mind and person, and how deeply the poet felt her loss may be seen in "The Footsteps of Angels," and in references to her contained in the early part of "Hyperion." The

bereaved husband spent some months in Switzerland and the Tyrol ; and then in 1836 he returned to America, and entered upon his duties at Harvard. The Rev. E. E. Hale thus describes his life there :—
“As it happened, the regular recitation rooms of the college were all in use ; and we met him in a sort of parlour, which was, I believe, called the corporation room. We sat round a mahogany table, and the whole affair had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion. He began with familiar ballads, read them to us, and made us read them to him. Of course we soon committed them to memory without meaning to, and I think this was probably part of his theory. At the same time we were learning the paradigms by rote. His regular duty was the oversight of five or more instructors who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese to two or three hundred undergraduates. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and personally conduct it. We were delighted to have him come. We all knew he was a poet, were proud to have him in the college, but at the same time we respected him as a man of affairs.” He is described as remarkably patient, clear, suggestive, and encouraging, and faithful to all his duties.

, The poet lived at the Craigie House, Battle Street, Cambridge, a buff-coloured house in the Georgian style, built in the year 1759, having "stately halls, cavernous recesses, secret crypts, and many romantic traditions." At first he was a lodger, but afterwards he became the owner. It was a charming mansion, beautifully furnished, and in all respects fit for the home of a poet ; and when it became his own, in 1843, it was a source of great joy to its master.

The first book written in Craigie House was "Hyperion ;" and the original of the Mary Ashburton, which in that work has fascinated so many, was Miss Fanny Elizabeth Appleton, who in 1839 had fascinated the poet. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty, and she did not at first respond to the affection of Mr. Longfellow, who was considerably her senior in years. She was more displeased than flattered to be recognised as the heroine of the romance ; and the poet waited for nearly four years before she consented to marry him : which four years, however, seemed as a day compared with the twenty years of happiness which they spent together. "Hyperion" had a large circulation, and its sweet and mellow tone made it dear to its readers. It was to himself the writer spoke ; but his words have nerved many others to

hope and courage. "Look not mournfully into the Past! It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart." Colonel Higgenson, in the *American Literary World*, said—"The travelling American will find himself an object of interest to every Englishman so soon as he claims personal acquaintance with Mark Twain; and to every Englishwoman, after she discovers that he has the honour of a personal acquaintance with Professor Longfellow. We heard a lady of that section say to her companions on a Rhine steamer, that it was all nonsense to carry guide books, since nothing was really essential on that river except the writings of Longfellow. On the lofty heights of Gorner Grat, above Zermalt, we met a party of English school-girls, who declared that 'Hyperion' was their favourite book; and we encountered an elderly Englishman at Chamonix, who sighed over the memory of Emma of Ilmenau, and murmured, solemnly, 'That night there fell a star from heaven.'"

It was in 1839 that the book called "Voices of the Night" first appeared, and at once became a marvellous success. The next to follow it was "Ballads and other Poems," published at Cam-

bridge in 1841. That year the poet came again to Europe ; and on his return journey he wrote the "Poems on Slavery," which afterwards were published in a thin volume, and which rendered good service to the anti-slavery cause. In 1843 the play in three acts, called, "The Spanish Student," appeared ; and was somewhat severely criticised. In 1845 Mr. Longfellow published "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," which contained selections from three hundred and sixty authors, translated from ten different languages. In 1846 "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems" was published, in which "The Day is Done," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and other favourites were included.

In 1847 Mr. Longfellow delighted not only America, but the whole world, with "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie." Mr. Sloane Kennedy, the biographer of the poet, says—"The origin of the poem is this: Hawthorne one day came to dine with Mr. Longfellow, bringing with him a friend from Salem. While at dinner the friend of Hawthorne said that he had been trying to persuade him to write a story about the banishment of the Acadians, founded upon the life of a young Acadian girl who got separated from her lover, and spent the rest of her life in searching for him. Hawthorne thought it would hardly do for a story, and

gavè it to Longfellow for a poem. The poet, when in Philadelphia, had his fancy touched by the hospital on Spruce Street, with its high-walled grounds and antique appearance; and he decided to locate there the final scene of the poem—namely, the meeting between Gabriel and Evangeline.” Most critics agree in considering “Evangeline” the masterpiece of the singer. It had an enormous circulation, and touched the hearts and moistened the eyes of many thousands. “The ‘Evangeline,’” said one, “is the most perfect specimen extant of the rhythm and melody of the English hexameter.” Others thought a simpler rhythm would have been more suitable; but one of its severest critics, the London *Daily News*, was forced to admit that nothing more perfect had ever been written than one of its lines—

“Chanting the Hundredth Psalm, that grand old Puritan anthem.”

To-day the poem has become so written in the hearts of the people, that we doubt if one could wish that it had been different in rhythm or any other respect than that which it is.

“Evangeline” was followed by “Kavanagh” in 1849; “The Seaside and the Fireside” in 1850; and “The Golden Legend” in 1851.

In the year 1854 Longfellow resigned the duties

of his professorship, in order that he might devote himself wholly to literature ; and James Russell Lowell succeeded him as professor of modern languages in Harvard University. For eighteen years our poet had filled the chair with honour to himself and the great advantage of Harvard and its students.

In 1855 the song of "Hiawatha" appeared, and took the world by storm ; ten thousand copies selling in a month, and forty thousand in half-a-year. The "unalliterative rhymeless trochaics" in which it was written caused almost as much talk as the poem itself ; and although it was greatly criticised, it was more greatly admired. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "In this most frequently-criticised piece of verse-work, the poet has shown a subtle sense of the requirements of his simple story of a primitive race, in choosing the most fluid of measures that lets the thought run through it in easy sing-song, such as oral tradition would be sure to find on the lips of the story-tellers of the wigwam."

In 1858 "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was published, written, like "Evangeline," in hexameters ; but after that, five years passed without any considerable work coming from his pen. At this time two sons and three daughters—

"Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair".

—were gladdening the home of the poet, and his wife was with him in all her tenderness and beauty. But in the year 1861 a terrible catastrophe occurred, for Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death. She was sealing a letter which contained a lock of hair of one of her children, when the wax taper fell upon her dress—a light, inflammable material—and at once ignited it. Her screams quickly brought her husband to her side, and he clasped her in his arms, surrounded with flames as she was, and partially succeeded in subduing them, but not until the mischief had been done. Mr. Longfellow was himself severely burned, but his wife expired in great agony soon after the accident. The trouble was so terrible, that the poet was almost crazed with grief. He never got over it: the work of years was accomplished in a few days, for when next his friends saw him he had become an old man. He had, however, his children still left to him; and his eldest son, Major Charles Appleton Longfellow, especially won the golden opinion of his father and the country by his generous and heroic conduct in the war.

In 1863 the first instalment of "Tales of a Wayside Inn" appeared. It is impossible to read

them without thinking of Chaucer and the "Canterbury Tales;" but there is a beauty of Longfellow's own in the production which charms the reader, and makes him wish the tales twice as many and thrice as long. The Wayside Inn was the old Howe Tavern at South Sudbury, Mass.

"Flower-de-Luce" appeared in 1866, and during the following year the poet finished his translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," "the most faithful version of Dante that has ever been made," says Professor Norton; but other critics pronounced it too mild and graceful to exactly express the original. It is, however, an invaluable contribution to our literature, and there will always be not a few who would rather read Dante through Longfellow than through Rosetti, or Cary, or anyone else.

In the year 1868-9 Mr. Longfellow again visited Europe, and was the honoured guest of England. All parties united to welcome him; the daily papers were full of him; there were banquets and festivals held in his honour, and everything was done to convince the poet how greatly the English people loved him and appreciated his work. There was a poem in the *Times*, signed "C. K.," and thought to be by Charles Kingsley, which commenced thus—

“Welcome to England, thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bead-roll of our Saxon song :
Ambassador and Pilgrim-Bard in one,
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington.”

This last reference is to the poet's house, the Craigie Mansion, in which at one time Washington really lived, and in which is a room still called the Lady Washington's Room. During his visit he was honoured by an invitation from the Queen, and accordingly he visited Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. In telling the story himself to Miss Roosevelt Tucker-Macchetta, he said—"I was ushered into the Throne Room. An imposing lady in black, with flowing drapery, came quickly forward to greet me. It was Her Majesty Queen Victoria. She extended her hand and I offered to take it. 'What,' said his friend, 'did you not bend and offer to kiss it?' 'No,' said the poet, timidly, 'I was not then familiar or acquainted with court etiquette as I am now. She offered me her hand evidently to shake, and I shook it.'" Longfellow received during his visit the degree of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge, and an English reporter thus described him—"The face was one which, I think, would have caught the spectator's glance, even if his attention had not been called to it by the cheers which greeted his appearance in

the robes of a LL.D. Long, white, silken hair, and a beard of patriarchal length and whiteness, enclosed a young, fresh-coloured countenance with fine-cut features, and deep sunken eyes, overshadowed by massive black eyebrows."

After his return to America the poet published other works—"Aftermath" in 1874; "The Mask of Pandora and other Poems" in 1875; and in this year he read one of the poems in it, "Morituri Salutamus," at Bowdoin College. "Kéramos, and other Poems" followed in 1877. In 1880 the last published volume of the poet was given to the world. It was well called, "Ultima Thule." It contained among others a graceful poem to "Beautiful Helen of Maine," who had presented the poet with a pen, made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, the handle being of wood from the frigate *Constitution*. It was bound with a circlet of gold, inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine. Other presents the poet had which delighted him greatly, and none more than the famous "Children's Arm Chair," which was presented to him on his seventy-second birthday, 27th February 1879. The city government of Cambridge, wishing to widen Brattle Street, cut down an old horse-chestnut tree that stood in the way. Longfellow

begged that the woodman would "spare that tree," for it was "the spreading chestnut tree" that stood by the village smithy of which he had written in "The Village Blacksmith;" but corporations are never poetical, and the tree came down. Then it was proposed to the city fathers that the children of the public schools should contribute their pence to make a chair—a great arm chair—out of its wood, for the poet, and this was joyfully done. It is a very handsome chair. Its colour is black, and the arms and cushions are of green leather. There is an exquisite carving of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms on the back, and at other points horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are seen. Around the seat are these lines—

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar—
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a thrashing floor."

A brass plate under the cushion bears the following inscription :—

"To the author of 'The Village Blacksmith,' this chair, made from the spreading Chestnut Tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cam-

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bridge, who with their friends join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27th, 1879."

Mr. Longfellow thanked the children in a beautiful little poem—

"Am I a king, that I should call my own,
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

"And thus dear children, have ye made for me,
This day a jubilee;
And to my more than three score years and ten,
Brought back my youth again."

But the poet did not live very long to enjoy the children's gift. He spent the last two summers of his life at Nahant, with a married daughter and her children. His health was fairly good, but it was feared that his life would not be very prolonged—

"Ultima Thule! utmost isle!
Here in thy harbours for awhile
We lower our sails, awhile we rest,
From the unending, endless quest."

On the 18th of March 1882 Mr. Longfellow was taken ill, and knew that his end was near. On Friday afternoon, in his old home, and surrounded

by the complete circle of his family, he passed into the silent land. Throughout America, and in England, and indeed in all parts of the world, universal regret was felt. And yet he had well lived his life, and completed his work. If he was not the greatest of poets he was one of the sweetest ; if he led us into the calms rather than the storms of imagination, he gave the world what it wanted. Upon an age of turbulent activity he exercised an influence that was at once soothing and inspiring. He was, and will remain, an exceedingly popular poet ; nor will men cease to love, or women to venerate the name of Longfellow.

He wrote nothing finer than "Evangeline," and nothing more certain to live in the future. His shorter pieces have been even better liked ; but the sweetness of "Evangeline" will never pass away. It would be impossible to find a writer who had influenced for good a larger number of young people. His "Psalm of Life," and "Excelsior," have been like stirring battle marches to those who are entering life, with its possibilities before them. And our children's children will acknowledge the same influence, and own the same poet their master. But some of his longer poems contain better work, and exhibit a far higher type of genius. Every Englishman who visits America will think

of Acadie, and its forests primeval; and the Americans will themselves never cease to honour the poet who put into music the legends and traditions of the forest and the prairies. A few of the poems may be forgotten; but some, including "The Song of Hiawatha," and "Evangeline," will live while the language in which they were written has an existence, and in our day especially the writer will be lovingly remembered by all hearts.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers,
He has gone from us for ever—
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!"





Longfellow's Poetical Works.

EARLY POEMS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MOST PART DURING MY COLLEGE LIFE, AND ALL OF THEM BEFORE THE AGE OF NINETEEN.]

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;
Though stricken to the heart with Winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling shadows throw ;
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April !—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year !
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out.
And when the silvery habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with



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I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;
Though stricken to the heart with Winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN Winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the grey mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills !—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF
BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowlèd head ;
And the censor burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“ Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“ Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud’s encircling wreath,
Guard it !—till our homes are free !
Guard it !—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“ Take thy banner !—But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him !—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him !—he our love hath shared !
Spare him !—as thou wouldst be spared !

“ Take thy banner !—and if e’er
Thou shouldst press the soldier’s bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !



BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone ;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, grey forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;

The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh
Arose—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind
blows ;
Where, underneath the white-thorn in the glade,

The wild-flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of Morning comes
O'er-riding the grey hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of night,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Nigh
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cold cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose :
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there-
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before :
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this p
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the mos
The best beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream !"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating .
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beautcous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wah moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night,

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, " Pray for this poor soul,
Pray—pray ! "

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! Oh, the old man grey.
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
" Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me ! "

And now the sweet day is dead,
Cold in his arms it lies :
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain !

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. 45

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

46 *THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.*

"Shall I have nought that is fair," saith he ;
"Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

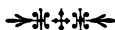
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.



THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ?
Oh, no ! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,

Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

BALLADS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-9, says:—

“There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the north were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the west and north

of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round-arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with old northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad, though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill? and nobody could mistake it but one who had the like in his head."

"**S**PEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber—

“I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse !
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.

Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing.

“ Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning, yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendour.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast;
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
 To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded ?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen !
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail
Death ! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron-keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water.

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden :
So toward the open main,
Beating the sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden's tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 Oh, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland ! *Skoal!* ” *
—Thus the tale ended.

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
" I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

" Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! "
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length,

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?"
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father, I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and dear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow ;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*1841-46.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves all,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;

He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
 The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
 Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers, which never bloomed on
 earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies,
 Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE NORMAN BARON.

[Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.]

THIERRY : CONQUÊTE DE L'ANGLETERRE.

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in a humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes,
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet angor,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night :
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities !
For by the night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas !
Then the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,

May listen with a calm delight
To the poets melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and
brown ;

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches
o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower
I stood,

And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of
widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapours grey,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the
landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys,
here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished,
ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from that city at that early morning
hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient
tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows
wild and high,
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more
distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the
olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melan-
choly chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns
sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting
of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled
my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth
again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de
Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy &
Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days
of old ;

Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore
the Fleece of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep laden
argosies ;

Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp
and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the
ground ;

I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and
hound ;

And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with
the queen,

And the armed guard around them, and the sword
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers
bold,

Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs
of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods
moving West,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's
nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with
terror smote ;

And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's
throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of
sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the
land ! "

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened
city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their
graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before I was
aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined
square.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then !

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

" Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;
" Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! "
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

" O stay," the maiden said, " and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! "
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

" Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! "
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star
Excelsior !

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left, [thin,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes ;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Where the trees withered leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn ;
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide ;
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.



POEMS ON SLAVERY.

1842.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen-
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their f
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream ;
And the river-horse as he crushed the ree
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drum
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the Land of Sle
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;
They gleam from the abyss ;
They cry, from yawning waves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

Within earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives ;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey ;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry from unknown graves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

THE GOOD PART THAT SHALL NOT BE
TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those that waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

L OUD he sang the Psalm of David !
He, a Negro, and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host,

And the voice of his devotion
 Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
 For its tones by turns were glad,
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
 And an earthquake's arm of might
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
 Brings the slave this glad evangel ?
 And what earthquake's arm of might
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

IN dark fens of the dismal swamp
 The hunted negro lay ;
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
 And heard at times a horse's tramp,
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
 In bulrush and in brake ;
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green morass
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
Great scars deformed his face ;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth !

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail ;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the grey alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and spice
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore, save a kirtle bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren—the farm is old ; "
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land.

S O N G S.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.*

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

* Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the "War of Wartburg."

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food ;
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
Foam the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bell rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow in the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.



SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks :
From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;
From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orknoyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas ;
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.
So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song :

92 *THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.*

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth ;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth ;
From the strong Will and the Endeavour
That for ever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;
From the wreck of Hopes, far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate ;
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

[L' éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux :
"Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours."—JACQUES BRIDAINE.]

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat ;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"For ever—never !
Never—for ever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
 “ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door—
 “ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
 “ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

In that mansion used to be
Free-Hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—
 “ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

94 *THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.*

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
An affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—

“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply—

“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
For ever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—

“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The story of "EVANGELINE" is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonisation in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Séjour. Whether the accusation was founded on fact or not has not been satisfactorily ascertained; the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect; when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to
the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards, and cornfields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farm, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles

Scarlet, and blue, and green, with distaffs spinning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidons,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of
republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day, and the hearts of
the owners.
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the basin
of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
Pré.
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his
household, [village.
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in
the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of
beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and
the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden times from France, and since, as
an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
household.
Many a youth as he knelt in the church and opened his
missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest
devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of
her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness
befriended,
And as he knocked, and waited to hear the sound of her
footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
knocker of iron ;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he
whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was
welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of
all men ;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father
Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church
and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to
behold him [thing,
Take in his leather lap the hoof of the horse as a play-

Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of
a cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were
children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
morning,

Gladened the earth with its light, and ripened thought
into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a
woman.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called ; for that
was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
orchards with apples ;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight
and abundance,

Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds
to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on
each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness
of evening. [marshes,

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly
the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and
the smokewreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind
him
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-
chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on
the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the
sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before
him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline
seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner
behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone
of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals
ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus, as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the midst of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-side—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled [with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a
horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline
brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly
continued—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at
their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where His
Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the
meantime

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer—"Perhaps some friendlier
purpose

Bring these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests
in England

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle
and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly,
the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh, he
continued—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port
Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its
outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean, Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children ?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,

And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ?"

"God's name !" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith ;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !"

But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public—

"Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice triumphs.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his paper and inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the [parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed ;

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in
the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-
step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with
gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on
the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-
ness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door
of her chamber.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows and lighted the room,
till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like tremulous tides of the
ocean.
Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood
with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber !
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp
and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling
of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a
moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the
moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her
footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
Hagar !

III.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were
silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups
at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted ;
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant :
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcom
and gladness [gave it.
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of
betrothal.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-
smith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a
summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows
a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without,
in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With a loud and dissonant
clangour

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling
and casement—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps
of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is His Majesty pleasure !"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the fields and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and [then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the
heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted—

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of
a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to
[the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-
tention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of
the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his
people.

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured
and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the
clock strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness
has seized you?”

Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and
taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils, and prayers,
and privations ?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness ?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred ?
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing
upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy
compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father,
forgive them !'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked
assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, ' O Father, forgive
them !', "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of
his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that
passionate outbreak,
And they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father,
forgive them ! "

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill,
and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and
children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her
right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,
descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour,
and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned
its windows.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the
sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial
meadows.
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts
of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they
departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of
their children.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline
lingered.
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the
windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by
emotion,
" Gabriel !" cried she aloud, with tremulous voice ; but
no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave
of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of
her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood
the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the
fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the
farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the
Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to
the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and
the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the
oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments
of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried, and
there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the
boats ply ;
All day long the wains came labouring down from the
village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from
the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives
and their daughters.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached
her.
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet
him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,
and whispered—
“Gabriel, be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances
may happen!”
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused,
for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas, how changed was his
aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his
eye, and his footstep [his bosom.
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in

But, with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and
embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort
availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too
late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
father.
Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and
the waggon,
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near
them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had
been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks
in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying
of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in
his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-
shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with
her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old
man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought
or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have
been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to
cheer him,
Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked
not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering
fire-light.
" *Benedicite!* " murmured the priest, in tones of com-
passion.
More he vain would have said, but his heart was full, and
his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on
a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence
of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the
maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that
above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and
sorrows of mortals.
*Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together
in silence.*

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn
the blood-red
Moon. climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the
horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain
and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows
together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the
village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay
in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and the flashes of
flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flames inter-
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore
and on ship-board.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
Grand-Pré!"

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest
and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
companion,
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on
the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a
multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing
upon her ;
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces
around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering
senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people,—
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of
our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-
yard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste
by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand Pré. [sorrow,
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with
the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the
ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking ;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the
harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of
Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city
to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to
the ocean,
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend
nor a fireside.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect,
unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and
endeavour;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in
its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
him.
*Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.*

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved
and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said they ; "O, yes ! we have
seen him.

He was with Basil the Blacksmith, and both have gone
to the prairies ;

Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and
trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said others ; "O, yes ! we have
seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then they would say—"Dear child ! why dream and
wait for him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as
loyal ?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has
loved thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be
happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's
tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly—"I
cannot !

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and
not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines
the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father con-
fessor,

Said with a smile—"O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh
[within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
 returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
 refreshment ;
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to
 the fountain.
 Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish thy work
 of affection !
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is
 godlike.
 Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is
 made godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
 worthy of heaven !"
 Cheered by the good man's word, Evangeline laboured
 and waited.
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
 whispered "Despair not!"
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless
 discomfort, [existence.
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of

II.

It was in the month of May. Far down the beautiful
 River,
 Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Missis-
 sippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian
 boatmen.
It was a band of exiles : a craft, as it were, from the
 shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common
misfortune ;

Men, and women, and children, who, guided by hope or
by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-
lousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father
Felician.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through
the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape
of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered
before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and
nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of
the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through
the midnight.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those
shades ; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan
islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges
of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were
suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the
margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the
greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers
slumbered.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison
and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful
and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a
sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,
*Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.*

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in
the willows,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers ;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on
the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in
the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—"O Father
Felician !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit ?"
Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous
fancy !
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as
he answered—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me
without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on
the surface [hidden.
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls
illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and
St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to
her bridegroom.

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his
sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of
fruit-trees ;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the
forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and con-
tinued their journey.

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the wood-
land,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbour-
ing dwelling ;

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of
cattle.

III.

*NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,
from whose branches flaunted.
Carlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe*

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the
prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deer-
skin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its
master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that
were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury
freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the
landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-
sounded
Wildly, and sweet, and far, through the still damp air
of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the
cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er
the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the
gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing
to meet him. [and forward
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement,

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;
When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the
Blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the
garden.

There in an arbour of roses, with endless question and
answer,

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts
and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said—"If you came by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat
on the bayous ?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous
accent—

"Gone ? is Gabriel gone ?" and, concealing her face on
his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and
lamented.

Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as
he said it—

"Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he
departed.

Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and
my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his
[spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to
 maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
 and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the
 Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark
 Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
 beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive
 lover ;

He is not far on his way, and the fates and the streams
 are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of
 the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his
 prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks
 of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
 fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on
 Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian
 minstrel !"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and
 straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the
old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant
blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanour ;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the
climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his
who would take them ;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go
and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy
veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper
of Basil
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with
silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but
within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the
glimmering lamp light.
*Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the
herdsman*

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer. Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician,
astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his
nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder
and gayer :—

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the
fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a
nutshell ! ”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps
approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.

It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the
Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neigh-
bours :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before
were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each
other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away like children
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the
maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the
music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering
garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest
and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within
her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible
sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the
forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the
river
Fell here and there through the branches, a tremulous
gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit.

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers of
the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed
his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of
crystal.
"Farewell !" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy
threshold ;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting
and famine ;

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bride-
groom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with
Basil descended
Down to the river's bank, where the boatmen already
were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sun-
shine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding
before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the
desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded, [river;
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague
and uncertain
Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and
desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn they alighted, and learned from the
garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and
companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the
mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous
summits,
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge,
like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleyway and
Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
Nebraska ;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sand and rocks, and swept by the wind of
the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to
the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-
shine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the
roe-buck ;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless
horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary
with travel ;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children, [war trails
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens,
Here and there rise smoke from the camps of these
savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-
running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the
desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brook-side ;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers
behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and
Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'er-
take him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of
his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at
nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their
bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and
vanished before them.

*Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
entered*

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her
sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had
been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and
friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted
among them

On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the
embers.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and
the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope
of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the
Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and
Jesus ;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain,
as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline
answered—

"Let us go to the mission, for there good tidings await
us !"

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur in
the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of
voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a
river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize ear [the teacher.
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of

Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity answered :—

“ Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued
his journey.”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an
accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the
snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.

“ Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest ;
“ but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the
Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and sub-
missive—

“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and
afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the
morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and
companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the
Mission.

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—
yet Gabriel came not ;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
robin and blue-bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came
not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was ^[wafted]

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.
Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan
forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons
and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremem-
bered. [journey ;
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her
beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and
the shadow. [her forehead,
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

v.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-
ware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an
exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
departed,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the
Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavour,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-
plaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts
and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world
far below her,

Dark no longer but all illumined with love; and the
pathway [the distance.

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his
image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she
beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was
not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but
transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught
her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the
sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated [the city,
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the grey of the dawn, as slow through
the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits of
the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of
wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their
claws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in
the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the
oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger—
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows
and woodlands—
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway
and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem
to echo
Softly the words of the Lord—"The poor ye always
have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.
The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold
there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,
deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their Church at Wicaco. [spirit ;
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her
Something within her said—"At length thy trials are ended ;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in
silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing
their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by
the road-side.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,
for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of
a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for
ever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a
shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of
the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible
anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows. [man.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old
Long, and thin, and grey were the locks that shaded
his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier
manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are
dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled
its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass
over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in
the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and
sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that
succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-
like,
"Gabriel ! O my beloved !" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his
childhood ;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among [them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking
under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his
vision.
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his
eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his
bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents
unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank
into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a
casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I
thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its
shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-
yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and for ever,

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yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and for ever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are
 busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased
 from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
 their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade
 of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
 busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles
 of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbour-
 ing ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
 the forest.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

1858.

VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith !
In the mist of the morning damp and grey,
These were the words they seemed to say :
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said :
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith !
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim ; I am ready to die !"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead ;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith !
The water he drinks has a bloody stain ;
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain !"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith !
His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith !
Through the mist of the valley damp and grey,
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith !"

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

IN broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away;
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery



THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

IT was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of the mountain streams
From the glaciers clear and cold ; *

And the mother at home says, " Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return ! "

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ,
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die ;

There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known
street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me whence these stories
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains ?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forest and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes,
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,

"In the birds'-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle !

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes ;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa !"

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha ?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter ;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,

In the green and silent valley.

“There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people !”

I.—THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life descending
On the red crags of the quarry,
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, “Run in this way !”

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures !
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark-green leaves upon it ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,

With the bark of the red willow ;
Breathed upon the neighbouring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said : " Behold it, the Pukwana !
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council ! "

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,

To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity ;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children !
Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right-hand ;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—
“ O my children ! my poor children !
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you !
“ I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver.
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?
“ I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,

Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“ I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish !

“ Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward ! ”
Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,

While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorway of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

II.—THE FOUR WINDS.

“ HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis ! ”
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum,
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and grey with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,

Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches ;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise—

“Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended ;
Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman !
Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together ;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains !
Had you conquered me in battle,
Not a groan would I have uttered ;
But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman !”

Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa

In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.

“Honour be to Mudjekeewis!”
With a shout exclaimed the people,
“Honour be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and for ever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer and called the hunter.

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,

In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow.

Thus the Four Winds were divided,
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens ;
At the corners of the heavens ;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.—HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow
On the prairie full of blossoms.

"See ! a star falls !" said the people ;
"From the sky a star is falling !"

There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter,
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis ;
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;
Listen not to what he tells you ;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you !"

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Woodyed her with his words of sweetness,
Woodyed her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder ;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,

In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
"O that I were dead," she murmured,
"O that I were dead, as thou art !
No more work and no more weeping,
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !"

By the shores of Gitche Gumees,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Thus the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush ! the naked bear will get thee !"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha—
"Go, my son, into the forest,

Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !”

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bows and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o’er him,
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !”
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !”

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red-deer ;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red-deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red-deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-getaha !
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-tay-see !

IV.—HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot an arrow from him,

And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father, Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
" I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! "

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum :
So he journeyed westward, westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison ;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the prospect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,

Questioned, listened, waited, answered ;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

 Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting ;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

 Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you ?
Nothing that you are afraid of ?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,
Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek !"

 And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, "O my Hiawatha !
Is there anything can harm you ?
Anything you are afraid of ?"

 But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is nothing,
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,

Nothing but the great Apukwa ! ”

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,

“ Kago ! kago ! do not touch it ! ”

“ Ah, kaween,” said Mudjekeewis,

“ No, indeed, I will not touch it ! ”

Then they talked of other matters ;

First of Hiawatha’s brothers,

First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,

Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,

Of the North, Kabibonokka ;

Then of Hiawatha’s mother,

Of the beautiful Wenonah,

Of the birth upon the meadow,

Of her death, as old Nokomis

Had remembered and related.

And he cried, “ O Mudjekeewis,

It was you who killed Wenonah,

Took her young life and her beauty,

Broke the Lily of the Prairie,

Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;

You confess it ! you confess it ! ”

And the mighty Mudjekeewis

Tossed upon the wind his tresses,

Bowed his hoary head in anguish,

With a silent nod assented.

Then upstarted Hiawatha,

And with threatening look and gesture,

Laid his hand upon the black rock,

On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Rent the jutting crag asunder,

Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant ;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains ;
From his eyrie screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle ;
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.
Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, " Baim-wawa ! "

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,

Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valour!"

"Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the Wendigoes, the giants,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

"And at last when death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,
In the days long since departed,

In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and water-courses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.
Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of vengeance.
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter ;
And he named her from the river,

From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

V.—HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered ;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life !" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things ?"
On the next day of his fasting

By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance !
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water ;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish !
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,

Through the splendour of the sunset ;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and goldier.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, " O my Hiawatha !
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

" From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labour
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me ! "

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life, and hope, and vigour
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

" 'Tis enough ! " then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
" But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not ;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder,
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha ;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow ;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph !"

Then he smiled, and said, "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me ;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me ;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed or worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,

Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,

Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle ;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him ;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed,
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it ;

Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food for ever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people,
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.—HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,

Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music ;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many ;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,

Not like other children was he ;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.
"Lazy Kwasind !" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me ;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow ;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber ;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them !"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo ! the path was cleared before him ;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances,

Once as down the foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,

In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas ! good-bye to Kwasind !
We shall never more see Kwasind !"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.—HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree !
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley !
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily !

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper !"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched its forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha !”

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom !”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“Take my quills, O Hiawatha !”

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him ;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,

To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sandbars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha,
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

VIII.—HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumees,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha :
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water ;

“ He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapours,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white-fog from the fenlands,
Sends disease and death among us !

“ Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water ;
Slay this merciless Magician,
Save the people from the fever
That he breathes across the fenlands,
And avenge my father's murder ! ”

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-gear,
Launched his birch canoe for sailing ;
With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, “ Cheemaun, my darling,
O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water ! ”

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woeful,
And above him the war-eagle,

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
" Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey !"
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer :
" Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-Heart !"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twinging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
" Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !
Onward to the black pitch-water !"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,

And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon.
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his Birch-Canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dryshod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
One end on the sand he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feathe:
Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue and yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"

Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.

"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-Heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;

It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

" Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses ;
There alone can he be wounded ! "

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swiftly flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,

Wounding sorer than the other ;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness ;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama !
An in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

IX. —HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

" As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other ! "

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,

Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
"Go not eastward, go not westward.
For a stranger, whom we know not !
Like a fire upon the heart-stone
Is a neighbour's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers !"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight !"

Gravely then said old Nokomis :
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands !"

Smiling, answered Hiawatha :
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people !"

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
" Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open ! "

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
" For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes may be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever ! "

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women ;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall, and very handsome,
Who, one morning, in the Spring-time,

Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulder,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labour,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders.
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said, with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers,
As he entered at the doorway.
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,

Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered,

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,

Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer, very gravely,
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water,
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labour,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying,
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger ! ”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
“ Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you ! ”
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
“ Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband ! ”

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, “ O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine ;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,
Whispered to them, “ O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble ;
Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water ! ”

Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women

In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

X.—HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding-guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.
And when all the guests had finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people call the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him ;

Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos !
Songs of love and songs of longing ;
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented !"

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing ;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

"Onaway ! Awake, beloved !
Thou the wild-flower of the forest !
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like !

"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,

When they feel the dew upon them !

“ Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

“ Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest ?

“ Onaway ! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries !

“ When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it !

“ When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

“ Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me !

“ I myself, myself ! behold me !
Blood of my beating heart, behold me !
O awake, awake, beloved !
Onaway ! awake, beloved !”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing ;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,

Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding-guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews ;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented !"

And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,

You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended."

XI.—THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water ?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendour,
With the splendour of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water ;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson !
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water ;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened !

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No ; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens !

This with joy beheld Iago,
And he said in haste : " Behold it !
See the Sacred Star of Evening !
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the Story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

“Once, in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

“All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands ;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel.

“Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion,
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendour in his language !

“And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.

But she said : ' I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter !
I am happy with Osseo ! '

" Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening,
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands ;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him ;
All the others chatted gaily,
These two only walked in silence.

" At the Western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman ;
And they heard him murmur softly,
' *Ah, showain nemeskin, Nosa !*
Pity, pity me, my father ! '

" ' Listen ! ' said the eldest sister,
' He is praying to his father !
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling ! '
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

" On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.
And Osseo, when he saw it,

WASTED A SUMMER A CITY OF MORTALS,
LORDS AND THE FATHERS OF MEN,
AT ONE END WENT IN ALL THE DAY,
WASTED, WRINKLED, OLD AND DEEP :
FROM THE OTHER CAME A YOUNG MAN,
TALL AND STRAIGHT, AND STRONG, AND HANDSOME.

— THIS OSSEO WAS TRANSFIGURED,
THUS RESTORED TO YOUTH AND BEAUTY :
PILGRIMS ! FOR GOOD OSSEO,

AND FOR OWENEE, THE FAITHFUL !
STRANGELY, TOO, WAS SHE TRANSFIGURED,
CHANGED INTO A WEAK OLD WOMAN.
WITH A STAFF SHE TOTTERED ONWARD,
WASTED, WRINKLED, OLD, AND UGLY !
AND THE SISTERS AND THEIR HUSBANDS
LAUGHED UNTIL THE ECHOING FOREST
RANG WITH THEIR UNSEEMLY LAUGHTER.

“ BUT OSSEO TURNED NOT FROM HER,
WALKED WITH SLOWER STEP BESIDE HER,
TOOK HER HAND, AS BROWN AND WITHERED
AS AN OAK-LEAF IS IN WINTER,
CALLED HER SWEETHEART, NENEMOOSHA,
SOOTHED HER WITH SOFT WORDS OF KINDNESS,
TILL THEY REACHED THE LODGE OF FEASTING,
TILL THEY SAT DOWN IN THE WIGWAM,
SACRED TO THE STAR OF EVENING,
TO THE TENDER STAR OF WOMAN,

“ WRAPT IN VISIONS, LOST IN DREAMING,
AT THE BANQUET SAT OSSEO ;
ALL WERE MERRY, ALL WERE HAPPY,
ALL WERE JOYOUS BUT OSSEO.
NEITHER FOOD NOR DRINK HE TASTED,
NEITHER DID HE SPEAK NOR LISTEN,
BUT AS ONE BEWILDERED SAT HE,

Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.

“Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender ;
And the voice said : ‘ O Osseo !
O my son, my best beloved !
Broken are the spells that bound you,
All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil ;
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“ ‘ Taste the food that stands before you :
It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,
And the kettles shall be silver ;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“ ‘ And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labour,
But be changed to birds, and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight
Painted with the dusky splendours
Of the skies and clouds of evening ! ”

“ What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whippoorwill afar off,

Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

“Then the lodge began to tremble,
Straight began to shake and tremble,
And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches ;
And behold ! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet !
And behold ! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver !
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

“Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage,
Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds :
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.

“Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others ;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered

By the oak tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather!

"And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,
Through transparent cloud and vapour,
And amid celestial splendours
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome
Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: 'O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty,
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you
In the figure of the old man,

In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal ;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

“ ‘In the lodge that glimmers yonder
In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapours, on the left hand,
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.’

“ Many years, in peace and quiet,
On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father ;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver.
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,
With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

“ And the boy grew up and prospered,
And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
For his little son to shoot at.

“ Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,

With their songs of joy and freedom ;
Filled the Evening Star with splendour,
With the fluttering of their plumage ;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

“ But, O wondrous transformation ;
’Twas no bird he saw before him,
’Twas a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom ?

“ When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and vapours,
Till he rested on an island,
On an island green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

“ After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the god Osseo,

Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

“Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their stature ;
They remained as Little People,
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

“Still their glittering lodge is seen th
On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight !”

When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added :

“There are great men, I have known su
Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.
From the story of Osseo
Let them learn the fate of jesters !”
Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding-guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

XII.—BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful !
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields !

Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife, the Laughing Water :
“ You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !

“ In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the corn-fields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.

“ Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,

Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;"

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black marauders.
And they laughed at Hiawatha,
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
With their melancholy laughter,
At the words of Hiawatha.
"Hear him !" said they ; "hear the wise man !
Hear the plots of Hiawatha !"

When the noiseless night descended
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted,
Walked securely round the corn-fields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom ;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw her !"
On the morrow, as the day dawned,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended, fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,
"From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields
Snarers to catch the black marauders,
And was lying now in ambush,
In the neighbouring grove of pine-trees,
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamour,
Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the corn-fields,
Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves imprisoned
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,
Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect,
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated corn-fields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.
With his prisoner-string he bound him,
Led him captive to his wigwam,
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,
"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behaviour!"

Summer passed, and Shawondasce
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,

From the South-land sent his ardours,
Wafted kisses warm and tender ;
And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendour
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake and said to Minnehaha—
“’Tis the Moon when leaves are falling ;
All the wild-rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready ;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow !”

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled ;
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the corn-fields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

And whene’er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize ear red as blood is,
“Nushka !” cried they altogether,
“Nushka ! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband !”
“Ugh !” the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees

And whene’er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,

Found a maize ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together :

"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosaid, the skulking robber !"

Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his anger,
And from all the neighbouring tree-tops
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.
"Ugh !" the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees !

XIII.—HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

IN those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
* "O my brother ! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you !"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered ever sweet and childlike,

"Do not fear for me, O brother !
Harm and evil come not near me !"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,
Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water
Sprang with speed the deer before him.
With the wind and snow he followed,
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,
Dragged him downward to the bottom,
Buried in the sand his body.
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies,
And the thunder in the distance
Starting answered, "Baim-wawa !"

Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,

Uttering still this moan of sorrow :—

“ He is dead, the sweet musician !
He the sweetest of all singers !
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing !
O my brother, Chibiabos ! ”

And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him
Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Then the medicine-men, the Medas,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
Came to visit Hiawatha ;
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
To appease him, to console him,
Walked in silent, grave procession,
Bearing each a pouch of healing,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approaching,
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos ;
Nought he questioned, nought he answered,
But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colours
Washed he slowly and in silence,
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of healing ;
Beat their drums and shook their rattles ;
Chanted singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs like these they chanted—

“ I myself, myself ! behold me !
’Tis the great Grey Eagle talking ;
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him !
The loud-speaking thunder helps me ;
All the unseen spirits help me ;
I can hear their voices calling,
All around the sky I hear them !
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha ! ”

“ Hi-au-ha ! ” replied the chorus,
“ Way-ha-way ! ” the mystic chorus.

“ Friends of mine are all the serpents !
Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk !
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him ;
I can shoot your heart and kill it !
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha ! ”

“ Hi-au-ha ! ” replied the chorus,
“ Way-ha-way ! ” the mystic chorus.

“ I myself, myself ! the prophet !
When I speak the wigwam trembles,
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,
Hands unseen begin to shake it !
When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath me !
I can blow you strong, my brother !
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha ! ”

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine pouches
O'er the head of Hiawatha,
Danced their medicine-dance around him :
And upstarting wild and haggard,
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.

Then they summoned Chibiahos
From his grave beneath the waters,
From the sands of Gitche Gumee
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.
And so mighty was the magic
Of that cry and invocation,
That he heard it as he laid there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water.
From the sand he rose and listened,
Heard the music and the singing,
Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,
Through the door a burning fire-brand ;
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,
Telling him a fire to kindle
For all those that died thereafter,
Camp-fires for their night encampments
On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,
From the home of those who knew him,
Passing silent through the forest,

Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabos !
Where he passed, the branches moved not ;
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps

XIV.—THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter,
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,

And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !
 Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

 And the foremost said, " Behold me !
I am Famine, Buckadawin ! "
And the other said, " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkosewin ! "

 And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer ;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

 Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness ;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze, and fell not.
Wrapped in firs, and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest

On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"

Cried he with his face uplifted

In that bitter hour of anguish,

"Give your children food, O father!

Give us food, or we must perish!

Give me food for Minnehaha,

For my dying Minnehaha!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,

With those gloomy guests that watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,

She was lying, the Beloved,

She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,

Hear the falls of Minnehaha

Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,

"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said, "I see my father

Standing lonely at his doorway,

Beckoning to me from his wigwam,

In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,

"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk

Glare upon me in the darkness;

I can feel his icy fingers

Clasping mine amid the darkness!

Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,

Far away amid the forest,

Miles away among the mountains,

Heard that sudden cry of anguish,

Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;

In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow-like ermine ;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell !" said he, "Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah !
To the Land of the Hereafter !"

XV.—THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

IN his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift ;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm
As it whirled, and hissed, and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes as stars in Spring-time ;
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented grasses :
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with suushine ;
In his hand a bunch of blossoms,
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son !" exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together,
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled ;
I will tell you of my prowess,

Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned ;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise—

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water !"

And the young man answered smiling—
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers !"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered ;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall, and fade, and die, and wither,
For I breathe, and lo ! they are not."

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin ;
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,

All the woodlands ring with music
All the trees are dark with foliage

While they spake, the night descended
From the distant realms of Wabigoon
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me

Then the old man's tongue was loosed
And the air grew warm and pleasant
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the blue-bird and the robin
And the stream began to murmur
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted

And Segwun, the youthful stranger
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him ;
It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were falling
As from melting lakes the stream
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him
On the hearthstone of the wigwam
Where the fire had smoked and died
Saw the earliest flowers of Spring
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-tide
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,

Came the Spring with all its splendour,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers, and leaves, and grasses.

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise—

“Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !
No one else beholds such wonders !”

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumees,
Bitter so that none could drink it !
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, “It cannot be so !
Kaw !” they said, “it cannot be so !”

O’er it, said he, o’er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other.
“Kaw !” they said “we don’t believe it !”

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,

✱ Came the thunder, Annemeekee !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;
" Kaw ! " said they, " what tales you tell us !

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
" Kaw ! " they said, " what lies you tell us !
Do not think that we believe them ! "

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting—

" True is all Iagoo tells us ;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them

Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White Man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision.
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys.
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloudlike.
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other ;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn !"

XVI.—HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

*By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,*

At the doorway e
In the pleasant su
Hiawatha stood at
O'er the water fl
Something in the b
Something in the m
Loomed and lifted fi
Now seemed floating
Coming nearer, near

Was it Shingebis, t
Was it the pelican, th
Or the heron, the Shu
Or the white goose, Wa
With the water dripping
From its glossy neck and

It was neither goose nor
Neither pelican nor heron
O'er the water floating, fly
Through the shining mist
But a birch-canoe with pad
Rising, sinking on the wa
Dripping, flashing in the w
And within it came a
From the distant
From the
Came the
The

afternoon of Summer ;
 away sound the forest
 round the sultry wigwam,
 and of sleep the water
 the beach below it :
 the fields shrill and ceaseless
 the chatter, Pah-puk-keena ;
 of Hiawatha,
 the heat of Summer,
 the sultry wigwam.
 the simmering landscape
 dusk and coolness,
 the level sunbeams
 to the forest,
 the shields of shadow.
 the net ambush,
 the dingle, hollow ;
 the vatha
 the wigwam.
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Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour ;
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How He fasted, prayed, and laboured ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him ;
How He rose from where they laid Him,
Walked again with His disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying—
“ We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us !
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us ! ”

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women,
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence

Grew the afternoon of Summer ;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it ;
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena ;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered—

“ I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the North-west wind, Keewaydin,
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them ;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,

In the lodge of Hiawatha !”

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise—

“I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey,
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.

But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning !”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, “ Westward ! westward !”
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendour,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin

Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell for ever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the North-west wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!



*THE COURTSHIP OF MILES
STANDISH.*

I.—MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrim,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber—
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was
already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in
November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and house-
hold companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the
window ;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,
as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, " Not Angles,
but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May
Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe
interrupting,
Spoke in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish, the
Captain of Plymouth,
" Look at these arms," he said, " the warlike weapons
that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or
inspection !
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders ;
this breastplate,
Well I remember the day ! once saved my life in a
skirmish ;
Here in front you can see the very dent of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of
Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing—

“Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet ;

He in His mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon !”

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling—

“See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging ;

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage ;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a-month, together with diet and pillage,

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers !”

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued—

“Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better—
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamaham ! ”

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold grey mist, the vapoury breath of the east wind,
Forest, and meadow, and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded—
“Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower !
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already
have perished ! ”
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and
was thoughtful.

II.—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen
of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the
Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of
Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand,
palm downwards,
Heavily on the page—“ A wonderful man was this Cæsar !
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally
skilful ! ”
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely,
the youthful—
“ Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen
and his weapons,
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could
dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his
memoirs.”
“ Truly,” continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing
the other
“ Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar !
*Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when
he said it.*

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many
times after ;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities
he conquered ;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in
Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front
giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely
together
There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a
shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and com-
manded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the
ensigns ;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their
weapons ;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be
well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others ! ”

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May
Flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan
maiden Priscilla ;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla.

Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strive to betray it, by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla !

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous
cover,

Muffled and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his
musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish, the Captain
of Plymouth—

"When you have finished your work, I have something
important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be im-
patient !"

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his
letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful atten-
tion—

"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to
listen;

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles
Standish."

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and
culling his phrases—

"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and
dreary;

Nick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friend-
ship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden
Priscilla.

Who is alone in the world; her father, and mother, and
brother

Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the
dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself,
that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name
is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other
abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared
to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the
most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Ply-
mouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of
actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and the heart of
a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a
maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired,
taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, be-
wildered.

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with
lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in
his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by
lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than
answered—
“Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and
mar it ;
If you would have it well done—I am only repeating
your maxim—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !”
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from
his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of
Plymouth—
“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gain-
say it ;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for
nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to
surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare
not.
I’m not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a
cannon,
But of a thundering ‘No !’ point-blank from the mouth
of a woman,
That I confess I’m afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess
it !
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant
scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added—

“Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me ;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !”

Then made answer John Alden—“The name of friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you !”

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.—THE LOVER’S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where blue-birds and robins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy, and affection, and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,

As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, [illusion ?]

"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel
and the singing

Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on
the threshold,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal
of welcome,

Saying—"I knew it was you, when I heard your step
in the passage ;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and
spinning."

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of
him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of
the maiden, [an answer,

Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered
that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from
the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that
encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,
and Priscilla [fireside,

Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in
the snow-storm.

Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;
Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy

Climbing the old grey tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost

Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth—"Indeed I do not condemn you ;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth ! "

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy ;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence—
" If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning ! "
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy—

Had no time for such things—such things! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer—

“Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?

That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours—who knows!—at last might have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.”

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of
Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading,
expanding ;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in
Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer
affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain
of Plymouth ;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,
England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of
Thurston de Standish ;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock
argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
blazon.
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how
during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as
woman's ;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and
headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty and placable
always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little
of stature ;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,

light be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language, quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter, aid, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak of yourself, John ?"

IV.—JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side ;
paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind,
cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
lowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendours,
rank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle, o, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
rank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.
soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
fighting some great campaign in Hainault, or Brabant, or Flanders.

"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanour,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming [city.
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armour

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud—"John Alden! you have Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors run his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler:

Who shall prevent me from running my own through
the heart of a traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to
friendship !

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and
loved as a brother ;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup,
to whose keeping

I have entrusted my honour, my thoughts the most
sacred and secret—

You, too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship
hereafter !

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but
henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and implac-
able hatred !”

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about
in the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the
veins on his temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the
doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent import-
ance,

★ Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of
Indians !

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further
question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scab-
bard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely,
departed.

Alden was left alone.

V.—THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the grey of the dawn, as the mists uprose from
the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village
of Plymouth ;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
"Forward !"
Given in tones suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then
silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the
village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous
army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the
white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the
savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of
King David ;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the
Bible—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morn-
ing ;
Under them, loud on the sands, the serried billows,
advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the
village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold
labours.

Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from
the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked
of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair
for the May Flower ;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers
that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in
his absence.
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims
of Plymouth,
Men, and women, and children, all hurrying down to the
sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May
Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in
the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had
lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his
fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from
the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and
murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded
like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment
in silence ;
Then he had turned away and said—" I will not awake
him ;

Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking !”

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning—

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corslet of steel, and all the rest of his armour,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him.

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;

But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not ;

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying.

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen, and Richard, and Gilbert,

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,

And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their
feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown—the corner stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little
impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift
to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean
about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters
and parcels
Into his pocket capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly be-
wilderred.
Near the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the
gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the
sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for
starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his
anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is
or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise
and pursue him. [Priscilla
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that
was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his in-
tention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and
patient,

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its
purpose
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is
destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious
instincts !
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall
adamantine !
"Here I remain !" he exclaimed, as he looked at the
heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist
and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering
headlong.

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and
important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and
the weather,
Walked about on the sands ; and the people crowded
around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful re-
membrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a
tiller, [vessel,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness, and
sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but
Gospel !
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the
Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May Flower !
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor. [wind,
Then the yards are braced, and all sails set to the west-
Blowing steady and strong ; and the May Flower sailed from the harbour,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth Said, " Let us pray ! " and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle, and
of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the wa

VI.—PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the sh
the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Prisci
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself
the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature
Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing
him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not spe
me ?” said she.
“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, whe
were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsiv
wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perha
decorum ?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so fra
for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can nev
say it ;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is
emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depth
a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secr
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gat
together.

Yesterday I was so shocked, when I heard you speak of
Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into
virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting
in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a
woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your
hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friend-
ship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken !”
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend
of Miles Standish—
“I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was
angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my
keeping.”
“No !” interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt
and decisive ;
“No ; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly
and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a
woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that
is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its
silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless, and silent, and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen,
and unfruitful.

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,

Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it: I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish,

For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling,

"Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer
you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and
dearest !"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the
May Flower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the
horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, in-
definite feeling, [desert.
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and
smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly—
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of
the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding
a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened
between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful
you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the
whole of the story—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles
Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing
and earnest—
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much
he had suffered—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the
May Flower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers
that threatened—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a
faltering accent,
“Truly I thank you for this; how good you have been
to me always!”

VII.—THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching
steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend
of the sea-shore
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour
of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of
the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his
discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a
maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom
most he had trusted,
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and
chafed in his armour.

“I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “for mine was
the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and grey in
the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of
maidens?”

'Twas but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many others !

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest :
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate, and sabre, and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, [ambush,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly ;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston
de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of
his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his
knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the
savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness
upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of
the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of
December,
Swift, and sudden, and keen came a flight of feathery
arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came
the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran
before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in
thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset : but their sachem, the brave
Wattawamat, [bullet
Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands
clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of
his fathers.

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the
stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of
Plymouth,

And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawa-
mat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was
a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and
took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married
Miles Standish ;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his
battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward
of his valour.

VIII.—THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the
ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn
for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace ; the men were intent on
their labours,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and
with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in
the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in
the forest.
All in the village was peace ; but at times the rumour of
warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new
habitation,

Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the first
of the forest.

Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered
with rushes ;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were
of paper, [excluded.

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an
orchard :

Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and
the orchard.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure
from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's
allotment [time

In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet
pennyroyal.

Oft when his labour was finished, with eager feet would
the dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the
house of Priscilla, [fancy,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of
friendship.

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous
fingers,

As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life
and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of
the spindle.

"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment ;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter ; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers ;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued—
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia ;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley, and meadow, and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner !"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose
praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her
spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering
phrases of Alden—
“Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for
housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of
husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready
for knitting ;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have
changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of
John Alden !”
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands
she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended
before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread
from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled
expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she
help it ?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his
body.

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from
village.

Yes ; Miles Standish was dead !—an Indian had brought
them the tidings—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of
the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his
forces ;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be
murdered !
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of
the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking
backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in
horror ;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and
had sundered
Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a
captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his
freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he
was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of
Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and
exclaiming—
“Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put
them asunder !”

IX.—THE WEDDING-DAY.

THIS was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan
maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and
Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the
Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth, and one with the blessing
of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and
of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of
betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's
presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of
Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth, and the home, that were founded
that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine
benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on
the threshold,
Clad in armour of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange
apparition? [shoulder?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his
Is it a phantom of air—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the
betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited,
unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an
expression

Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart
hidden beneath them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-
cloud

Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its
brightness.

Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was
silent,

As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the
last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with
Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain
of Plymouth !

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
"Forgive me !

I have been angry and hurt—too long have I cherished
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it is
ended,

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of
Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for
error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of
John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom—"Let all be
forgotten between us—

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow
older and dearer !"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted
Priscilla,

Gravely and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country,
commingled,

MILES STANDISH.

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding
her husband.

Then he said with a smile—"I should have remembered
the adage—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself;
and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of
Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet
their rejoicing, [Captain,

Thus to behold once more the sun-burnt face of their
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered
and crowded about him, [the other,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of
bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting;
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered,
and bewildered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been
invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood
the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful
morning.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise of
of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient
longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work
left uncompleted.

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils, [saddle.
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday ;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the distaff ;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha !"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above
them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine
and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eschol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the
bridal procession.



TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in 'Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend—" If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.

Then he said, " Good night ! " and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar.

And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North
Church
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went,
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still.
And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But fingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil, and broad, and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day will be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the field to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere :
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon My face and live."
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said—"What sayest thou?
The Angel answered—"Lo! the time draw nigh
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee.
Replied the Rabbi—"Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."
Then said the Angel—"Come with me and see
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his grey head—
"Give me thy sword," he to the angel said
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword
And through the streets there swept a sudden wind
Of something there unknown, which men could not find
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried—"O Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here has done!"

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence !”
The Lord replied—“ My Angels, be not wroth ;
Did e’er the son of Levi break his oath ?
Let him remain ; for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon My face and yet not die.”

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,
“ Give back the sword, and let me go my way.”
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered—“ Nay !
Anguish enough already has it caused
Among the sons of men.” And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air—“ Give back the sword !”
The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer ;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel—“ Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again ;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord.”

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen for evermore.

THE SICILIAN’S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,

On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said— [me
"What mean these words?" The clerk made ans
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully—
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue:
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking—"Who is there?"
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said—
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse—
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leapt into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate:
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his
 rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height.
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said—" Who art thou ? and why com'st thou
here ? "

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer—
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow—
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester ; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape :
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats, and cries, and prayer
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of " Long live the King ! "

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself—" It was a dream ! "
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,

Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel—
" Art thou the King ? " the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back—" I am, I am the King ! "

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane

By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, in Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud—
“ I am the King ! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me ? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ?

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;
The Emperor, laughing, said—" It is strange sport,
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court !"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw ;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train.
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salérno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said—
" Art thou the King ?" Then bowing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him—"Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven !"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street—
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree !"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King !"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all appalled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.







